

## Here's the Idea

Of the Non-pull-out Bow  
The great watch saver. Saves the watch from thieves and falls—cannot be pulled off the case—costs nothing extra.



The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the groove, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.  
**Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases** are now fitted with this great bow (ring). They look and wear like solid gold cases. Cost only about half as much, and are guaranteed for twenty years. Sold only through watch dealers. Remember the name.

**Non-pull-out**  
Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

**Democratic-Northwest.**  
AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

TEXAS has added gold to the many other good things she produces.

EX-SERVANTS TRACT is in a fair way to be regarded as a hoodoo by few persons in the people.

THE Ohio Republicans who bought rifles to shoot down their fellow citizens are nice specimens of Americans, aren't they?

It may be set down among the certainties that Mr. Abram S. Hewitt will not be invited to address a hoodoo by few persons in the people.

WINTER boiling is a very dangerous business, as numerous people have recently been finding out. Frozen ears and toes are neither ornamental nor useful.

JOHN MANNING says he sees Republican victory ahead. It must be a long way ahead, for that is precisely what Joe said before the last Presidential election.

EX-SPEAKER REED has no desire to confer a title of nobility upon Speaker Crisp, but he would be very happy to see the Speaker become a counter.

EVERY line of business has to be boomed by advertising these days; hence the fisherman's story of the finding of a gold pin valued at \$40 in a herring.

"In America, from the age of eighteen, a girl is allowed almost every liberty—the take the rest!"—Max O'Rell. Wonder what sort of American girls Max associated with?

POOR McKinley! His last change for a presidential nomination has been destroyed by Foraker's declaration in his favor. It is believed that Tom Reed put Foraker up to it.

Now that a newspaper man has decided to head an Arctic expedition the north pole may as well prepare to be discovered and utilized as a tower for a newspaper building.

EX-REAR ADMIRAL was lately awarded a medal for saving the most aged Griddleton "Tob" dinner. He deserves one for his gluttony in other directions.

A hungry man doesn't banker after having things crammed down his throat. Feed him first, and then air your theories, if you are bound to do it anyway.

WEEK by week the list of mills which have resumed work grows longer, and long before the daisies bloom it will be difficult to find an idle mill. The season was a big one and it took a long time to shake it off, but common sense has come to the rescue and it is now almost gone.

SOME enterprising showman might find it profitable to bring over, for exhibition purposes, a few of the 10,000 "Red-Headed Freeman" who are, according to new item, terrorizing one of the districts of China. Few people in this country ever saw a red-headed Chinaman.

SENATOR HILL's term in the Senate does not expire until March 3, 1897, so it is not surprising that he should have declined to become a candidate for governor of New York this year. Besides, he favors Gov. Flower's re-nomination.

PEOPLE who admire old-fashioned honesty will endorse the action of the Commissioner of Patents in dismissing a prominent official under him who acknowledged that his wife and daughter had accepted valuable presents from a contractor whose work the dismissed official had to pass upon.

MR. BOVICHKIN would better not carry out his threat of defying an injunction of a court. Courts are not infallible. On the contrary, like the rest of humanity, they make mistakes; but no man who has made the mistake of defying a court has ever gained anything thereby. The same gentleman would better think well before spending any money on the old scheme of colonizing Negroes in Africa.

THIS theory is held by many that a green oasis in midwinter makes a fat churchyard; in other words that such a break in winter is fatally unhealthy. An eastern writer on this subject believes this theory to be false. He argues that a mild, open season during the winter is a great relief and help to invalids, and says that the false theory obtains because such a season prolongs the life of many until spring when their deaths are more fully felt.

THE season has been rigorously severe they would not have lived until spring. Of course no rule holds good against a season afflicted like this one, with the grip and other epidemic.

MONTAUC, Mich., Nov. 13, 1893.  
W. Winkelmeyer, a wealthy farmer of Muskegon Co., personally appeared before me, this day, and says: "That for the past year or so he was afflicted with weakness, trembling, heart failure, extreme nervousness and headache; that he consulted with Physicians but received no benefit. He was persuaded by a friend to try a sample bottle of Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Tonic, and he says the trembling and nervous feeling was immediately stopped by its use. Afterwards he used two bottles of the same medicine and says he is entirely cured."

Signed, W. Winkelmeyer.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me a Notary Public for Muskegon Co., State of Michigan.  
Jas. Monahan.

This medicine sold by Saur & Bailey, Napoleon Ohio.

REPUBLICANS who are expecting aid in their fight against tariff reform from Democratic Senators are men from very sanguine temperament. I remind one of what a school boy used to say when asked to help an opponent—"I think I'll give you a club to hit me on the head with!"

THE Bryan Press had submitted the following figures showing the cost of the four famous trials recently completed in Williams county: Geo. Barbell, \$4393.20; Mike Burshell, \$2436.78; Walter Plummer, \$4154.18; Bill Rikins, \$7638.90; total, \$19633.05. After deducting the portion paid by the state, \$10,080.02, it leaves the actual expense of all the trials to be paid by Williams county, \$9553.03.

THE kind of a man who helps make a city prosperous is he who talks up its advantages and does not give it a dig at a point that happens to be vulnerable; the man who invests his money in home enterprise, where he has made it; the man who trades at home, even if he cannot get an article quite as cheap and generally can. The man who helps the town along is the man who takes his home paper and, if he is a merchant, advertises in it; he is the man who buys home supplies of every kind, does not talk about his neighbors being in a tight pinch. In fact the man who makes the town prosperous is the man who stands up for it in every way, shape and form.

IT is a fact that nearly all reliable proprietary medicines were first used and thoroughly tested in practice by physicians or more than usual ability, and yet some physicians sneer at such medicines. The reason is plainly seen by taking Brant's Balsam for Illustration, known everywhere as a reliable and sure to cure every sort of lung and throat trouble, except last stages of consumption. It is not just as good for your case as a physician's prescription, which might cost three or four times as much, though no sure to cure? Large 25 and 50 cent bottles of Brant's Balsam, Napoleon Ohio.

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

THE game of pedro, elench or "elench," as it is frequently called, came into popularity several years ago, and people who called themselves refined cardplayers predicted that the game would not last long, and that its popularity would never reign supreme. Now, the fallacy of the argument is plain to be seen. What card game is so much indulged in? It is played by everybody, from

## A BAG OF JEWELS.

"My jewels!"  
The exclamation came from beneath the heavy, drooping white mustache of the pasha—the white pasha—General Temptation.

"Yes, general, your jewels! We want to see them!"  
The speaker was a lovely girl, quite creole in her dusky beauty. As she spoke she approached the reclining soldier from behind and placed about his swart neck a pair of arms like columns of smoked ivory.

The doughty general clasped the wrists with his sunburned hands, and drawing the willow creature onto his lap as he swung in the hammock replied:  
"I am sorry, Verpa, but I cannot show them to you. Your mother asked to see them yesterday. They are not here. How did you know I had jewels, child?"

"Oh, we heard so. And the hint was dropped that you came by them in a very romantic way."

The snowy head of the veteran was laid back in the hammock and his piercing eyes were fixed upon the full moon, just rising over the liquid boulevards of Venice. It was a perfect night. The soundless voices of a million lights, trailing of the great floating city's grandeur, spoke from all sides, and then answered back as they danced in the rippling water. Nothing else disturbed the poetic quiet of the night but the occasional splash of a gondolier's sweep and the sweet laughter of this bevy of lovely women who were assembled upon the portico of the Palais du Regina.

"Tell us all about it, won't you, uncle? Come here, girlish! Hear General Temptation tell us a story!"

Handsome Verna was always leader. Directly the paterfamilias hammock was surrounded by half a dozen as handsome women as ever an Italian moon shone upon. The scarred veteran thus environed drank in the aroma of animated femininity, smiled admiringly at the several upturned faces and said:  
"How much this reminds me of the very night I received the jewels Verna wants to see and hear about! And probably it is in association of ideas that I find a willingness to do what I never did before—relate how they came into my possession. I have an idea, ladies, that when I conclude my narrative you will feel disappointed, but my story has a moral, and if you absorb it, and the point of my experience is not lost upon you, then I will not regret having made you my fair confidantes."

"I was in command of the foot forces of my majesty, crossing a corner of the desert. The march was very fatiguing, the outlook dismal, and I must confess, soldier as I was, I felt very much discouraged. To add to my depression I had not heard from my fiancée in some weeks, and I found my mind dwelling more anxiously upon her daily."

"I may indicate the importance of my mission by adding that while I was making all possible haste to relieve Meldon Pasha I had buttoned in my jacket the entire outfit of our campaign, which I was to deliver to Meldon in person from the minister of war."

"Night came upon us as we entered a piece of palm forest. We halted and made camp. Late in the evening a soldier came to my tent and informed me a lady desired to speak with me. I was very weary and utterly dejected—really, I confess, I am ashamed to say."

The grizzled veteran looked down into the fair face about him as he said this, but they were absorbed in the story and expressed none of that but he imagined they would indicate at his last remark.

"Such a thing as a visit from a lady in that remote locality aroused my curiosity, and glad to have a chance to talk with one because she was of the same sex as my absent love I followed the soldier to the very outskirts of the camp, where I found an Arabian horse of peerless majesty, and standing beside him a Moorish girl, who so closely resembled my affianced I uttered a cry of astonishment. This seemed to delight the little woman greatly. They have such naive ways about them and are such clever judges of human nature. She instantly exclaimed:

"I remind the pasha of some one."  
"At the same moment she motioned me to dismiss the soldier."

"I did so."  
"I confess, madam, I said, 'your resemblance to a dear lady friend in England is very pleasing to me.'"

"Then she plied her arts as only the educated Moor can. Never a suggestion, but such languishing sweetness and intoxicating grace and winning artifices; they are indescribable."

"M. Pasha," she said in purest French, "I have come to you upon an errand of mercy, for I bring you deliverance from this life of deprivation. You are a young man, and I bring you the power and the means to return to England, wed your ladylove and live in peace and luxury for the balance of your days. See!"

"She was seated upon the soft sand beneath the high leafed palms, through which the moonlight streamed. In her lap she unfolded a parcel, and as she opened it I beheld the most magnificent amethyst I had ever seen. They were, I should say, a thousand in number, both large and small."

"See! she repeated. 'These are yours, pasha. If you will but give me the papers you have to deliver to the pasha of Meldon—the papers outlining your campaign. You can say you lost them. They will not precipitate any dangers to your forces, and I want them. These gems represent the dower of a princess. Give me those papers, and

"I cannot attempt a description of the sweet creature bestowed upon me, of the ease with which she initiated the woman dearest to me than all else in life, nor of the hurried, reckless review I made of my chances of rise in the army of the sultan, of my long life of drudgery in battle's harness, with the small income it afforded. But these thoughts all went through my mind like a flash, and beside myself with fascination and with the erring ambition to acquire riches I delivered into her jeweled hand the papers I was to convey to Meldon Pasha and received in exchange the bag of amethysts."

"A moment later the Arabian charger dashed onto the plain, and she was gone. 'No sooner was she out of sight than I realized my blunder and repented it sorely, but I clutched the bag of precious stones and hurried back to my tent. I placed them under my pillow and lay sleeping upon them until morning."

"When it was light, I arose and secured the flap of my tent so the sentry could not peer in, and eagerly opened the bag of amethysts—the price of my honor."

"Imagine my consternation! They were as white as glass and as lusterless! 'Quickly I called my boy servant, who chanced to be a Moor, and showing him the bag of gems watched for his chocolate face to distort with amazement. But he looked at the pebbles and then at me."

"Well, pasha," he said solemnly. "'Well,' I replied, 'are they not gorgeous?' For I believed my night had failed me or that I had become color blind."

"Where did the pasha get these?" he inquired, looking as indifferent as a man could.

"Never mind. What are they worth?" I asked, almost holding my breath in expectancy.

"Nothing," was his laconic reply.

"Nothing!" I exclaimed, rising to chastise him.

"Nothing, pasha. They are jebells, as we call them, and are collected by our children to use as play money. In the night under a light they take on the color and brilliancy of the amethyst. I can take you over miles of road in Morocco where they are so abundant that in the night you would believe yourself riding over a path of precious gems. Somebody has fooled the great pasha," he concluded, with a grin.

"Foolish! In 30 minutes I had my outriders in pursuit of a woman on a white Arabian. In an hour I had all my troops moving. By night I had an engagement with the Moors, routed them and took my fair enchantress prisoner. My papers secured, I pushed on and relieved Meldon Pasha. That is the story of my gems."

"And what became of the pretty woman, general?" asked Verna.

"She was killed by a sword thrust while trying to escape."

"And what's the moral, general?" asked another.

"Yield not to persuasive temptation and judge of all things by daylight."

"I cannot attempt a description of the sweet creature bestowed upon me, of the ease with which she initiated the woman dearest to me than all else in life, nor of the hurried, reckless review I made of my chances of rise in the army of the sultan, of my long life of drudgery in battle's harness, with the small income it afforded. But these thoughts all went through my mind like a flash, and beside myself with fascination and with the erring ambition to acquire riches I delivered into her jeweled hand the papers I was to convey to Meldon Pasha and received in exchange the bag of amethysts."

"A moment later the Arabian charger dashed onto the plain, and she was gone. 'No sooner was she out of sight than I realized my blunder and repented it sorely, but I clutched the bag of precious stones and hurried back to my tent. I placed them under my pillow and lay sleeping upon them until morning."

"When it was light, I arose and secured the flap of my tent so the sentry could not peer in, and eagerly opened the bag of amethysts—the price of my honor."

"Imagine my consternation! They were as white as glass and as lusterless! 'Quickly I called my boy servant, who chanced to be a Moor, and showing him the bag of gems watched for his chocolate face to distort with amazement. But he looked at the pebbles and then at me."

"Well, pasha," he said solemnly. "'Well,' I replied, 'are they not gorgeous?' For I believed my night had failed me or that I had become color blind."

"Where did the pasha get these?" he inquired, looking as indifferent as a man could.

"Never mind. What are they worth?" I asked, almost holding my breath in expectancy.

"Nothing," was his laconic reply.

"Nothing!" I exclaimed, rising to chastise him.

"Nothing, pasha. They are jebells, as we call them, and are collected by our children to use as play money. In the night under a light they take on the color and brilliancy of the amethyst. I can take you over miles of road in Morocco where they are so abundant that in the night you would believe yourself riding over a path of precious gems. Somebody has fooled the great pasha," he concluded, with a grin.

"Foolish! In 30 minutes I had my outriders in pursuit of a woman on a white Arabian. In an hour I had all my troops moving. By night I had an engagement with the Moors, routed them and took my fair enchantress prisoner. My papers secured, I pushed on and relieved Meldon Pasha. That is the story of my gems."

"And what became of the pretty woman, general?" asked Verna.

"She was killed by a sword thrust while trying to escape."

"And what's the moral, general?" asked another.

"Yield not to persuasive temptation and judge of all things by daylight."

And as the ladies sighed over the episode one toyed with the decorations on the scarlet coat, one dallied with the empty sleeve, another lighted a cigarette for the aged pasha and all listened to the plaintive song of the gondoliers, as the mellow moon—the maker of gems from jebells—rose higher and higher into the starred belfry of the night.

THE WEATHER.

Prof. Foster Predicts Severe Storms.

My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from March 1st to 5th and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 6th, cross the western mountains by the close of the 7th, the great central valleys from 8th to 10th and the eastern states about the 11th.

This will be a very severe storm and the cold wave following it will cause blizzards in large portions of the United States.

I advise all interests, especially those handling live stock, tropical fruits, etc., and all shipping and travel on land and sea, to prepare for extremely bad weather from March 7th to April 13th. Millions of dollars may be saved and much suffering averted by giving heed to this warning and preparing for the very worst.

I very much dislike to predict destructive storms or make sensational forecasts, but duty demands that I give warning of the approach of a season of destructive tornadoes in those parts of the country frequented by these destroyers.

Comparatively few people are injured by tornadoes and less damage is caused by them than by heavy rain. But the manner of their destructiveness causes the tornado to be dreaded.

If we knew just where they would strike but little preparation would be necessary, but as yet we only know about the time to expect them, all should prepare for them and be on the lookout during the great storm period of March 7th to April 13th.

Correspondents will please note the fact that when an item of news has been once set we omit the same from other correspondents should they mention the same item. We are compelled to do this to avoid repetition. At times also, we make a local out of an item and then we omit it from the

correspondence. We are very thankful to those who furnish us the news of their localities and we beg them not to omit anything but send us all the news and we will endeavor to put the items in the best form possible.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone, Beyond earth's weary labor, When shall we meet our common end of grace From comrades or from neighbors? Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the slings— What tender truth shall we have gained, Alas, by simple dying!

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both you and I, Ere long are past forgiving, Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our pillow slumber.

Then this thy charity of the praise Will tell our nearest one, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall not defraud discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone When stones were thick to tumble Over steep hill path will scatter flowers Above our